R 154
.M73 M6
Copy 1

My Doctor

Class R154

Book .M73M6

Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

Sincerely, Yours,
Willie Wallis Moore.

MY DOCTOR

BY

WILLIE WALLIS MOORE

NEW YORK
The Knickerbocker Press
1916

R154
M73M6

Copyright, 1916
by
MRS. WILLIE W. MOORE

$1.00

MAY -6 1916

©Cl.A427975

no. 1.

To

The Memory of My Husband

DOCTOR JAMES CLINTON MOORE

PREFACE

THIS little book was written because I wanted a word picture of My Doctor (my husband who had the experiences herein related).

That he was nearly six feet tall, broad shouldered, and had clear blue-gray eyes, that could look you in the face is of little consequence, compared to what he did and how he did it.

He was active in his own little part of this busy world and loved the kind of work he did in it.

He interested himself in the lives of those with whom he came in contact. He mingled kindly with the people in their every-day affairs and their sorrows. He would have liked to have shared oftener their joys, had he the time. He did what he could for the people and made it a second consideration what they could do for him.

He claimed no perfection in anything—neither am I claiming it for him.

These experiences herein related could come to any family physician, similarly situated.

I wrote the most of this with the help of memory only. Memory softens experiences and the average mind can hold only a few of the many impressions. I am forced to make a dim picture for the negative was taken within a shadow.

My Doctor

THERE are many homes the inmates whereof take pride in speaking of some one, as *my doctor*.

The doctor of mine, the doctor of yours—is he who comes to us when Pain's intense vigil keeps us in darkness and doubt. There by our bedside the doctor uses his knowledge so that we get relief from agony and his presence brings courage and cheer.

Suffering humanity of all walks of life is the clay from which the doctor molds his best, as the knowledge of his art suggests.

As the doctor lets his patients have that which can be neither weighed nor measured, the best of himself, his rightful position is above all professions, save one. For he is honor bound to disclose all his knowledge and use his physical strength to its limit, if his patient needs it. It is equally as much

his duty to keep from the public whatever he may learn concerning his patient, if the knowing would be against the interest of those who trusted him as their physician.

Real physicians are daily forced to confront problems, and the right solution of them, tend toward their best and noblest qualities.

When we think of the countless deeds of kindness and mercy that the real doctors do, in all their years, unselfishly in the name of charity—sweet charity; when we ponder these things in our heart, if in a better world than this, there is a crown of a little more jewels than others, it surely is in keeping for the faithful doctor's brow.

This one, My Doctor, on a twentieth of March nearly a half-century ago, was a new baby. From the first he was called Jim. It suited him. It never would have been appropriate for him to have been called Baby or Sonny by his parents, or Little Brother by several sisters and a brother. Physically he was never the pet baby style. Strangers knew that baby was not Mary nor Susie when his dresses were two yards long. Babies wore very long dresses then.

This baby's father was probate judge of his county.

The court-house was the center of the town. It was the center of interest of the entire county.

The Judge had a large home on a spacious lot—a small farm. This home was a free inn to all the possible voters of the county, their families, friends, horses, and dogs.

The Judge and his wife believed and taught their children that "A man's a man for a' that." Jim was a boy "For a' that." He was into everything other boys could do. He climbed the peach trees, as soon as the blossoms fell, to eat the green peaches when he was a little one on the borderland between baby-hood and boylife.

Occasions around the court-house were of much concern to him. He was permitted to go there often. He was either petted or teased by the county officers whenever he came in contact with them. They continually noticed him. A man never notices, pets, and teases a boy, without he loves the boy.

It was a great event when a jury gave a

verdict that a culprit must hang by the neck till dead. Jim, with the other boys in the community, practiced on the flock of his mother's geese to be able to give points to their friend, the sheriff.

Jim, with his crowd, made and remade dams across the running stream in the farther end of the pasture, increasing the size of their swimming holes as their legs grew longer.

His school and Sunday School experiences were in common with other village boys who had to attend both places of instruction. Jim was careless about taking his books home. His father said one night after supper, "Jim, where are your books?" "They are at the schoolhouse, sir." "Go right now and get them." There was never a time for a child to argue with Judge Moore. It was prompt obedience. The schoolhouse was on a hill the opposite side of the town. At the foot of the hill was the cemetery. Every stone, stray animal, and even the breezes blowing through the shrubbery are frightful objects after dark near a cemetery to most young boys, and Jim was no exception. Jim went

and managed to return with his books by running both ways.

The old negro servant, Sarah, hurriedly finished her night duties and went to meet him. "Jim, honey chile, han' me dem books, I'se come to tote 'em fur you. Don't you nevah *nigger* lec' dese books no mo'." Jim never did.

It was the fashion for little boys to wear natural-colored linen clothes. Jim's mother took pride in fixing her children to look well. He detested the stiff, light-colored clothes. He gloried in getting them soiled so he could put on his dark pants and plain jackets.

Judge Moore knew boys must be kept busy in doing something useful or they would busy themselves otherwise. He owned the cotton-gin of the town. The gin was then run with a horse. Jim's first job was to sit upon a beam and keep the old horse going slowly around a circle—a monotonous job for a live boy.

Fortunately, Jim's father was progressive and soon installed steam power.

Jim was made happy when he began to enter his *teens* by his father buying for him a

foot-power scroll-saw. He made balustrades for all the pretentious homes near and the money was his own. With it he bought a gold ring. The ring did not suit his big busy hand. One of the neighbor girls was wearing it for him. When his mother knew it she said, "Jim, go right now and get that ring."

Jim had a wood-working establishment in a corner of the smoke-house. His specialties were scrollwork and beehives. He did this between school hours, gin work, and being general errand-boy for the family.

The next boyish business effort with Jim was hauling. He lived in a town some distance from a railroad and still farther from a navigable stream.

One of his never-forgotten experiences was moving a prominent politician, who at that time was a bachelor, to an adjoining county-seat. This bachelor had a high beaver hat that he wore on special occasions. He forgot this hat until after Jim had loaded his wagon with law books, book-cases, tables, chairs, and trunks. The lawyer and Jim after talking it over decided it would be the best place

to put the hat on a chair-post at the top of the load.

The lawyer and the boy soon forgot. Going over the rough mountainous road they passed a rougher place than usual, which was very jolting; the hat fell from the chair-post and was mashed by the wagon wheels.

The lawyer looked serious. Jim looked more so. He was thinking "heavy lifting and a long trip for a mashed hat."

When the destination was reached, the lawyer said, "Jim, here is your money." "But Mr. L——, I broke your hat." "Oh, Jim, I ran over it as much as you did. And I agreed to putting it on that chair-post."

For all the years afterwards the sight of hats built on similar patterns to that one brought to Jim's mind amusing memories of that mashed hat.

After twenty-three years of honor and labor—mostly the latter, of judgeship, Judge Moore was defeated because he had served the people too long.

The family moved to a nearby growing city. Notwithstanding the new surroundings

and new conditions, a normal boy was a match for circumstances. He soon knew the city—the nearest way everywhere.

The city was in the beginning of the making. It was not necessary to "column right" or "column left" at the corner of every block. Out where the ex-judge located the land was in the acreage. It is now considered rather near in; the popular residence section.

Jim spent one year in the city schools. There were only a few school buildings in the growing city. Jim was fortunate in having an unusually good teacher. The principal of the school, who was a very capable man, was the teacher of the advanced classes.

The next year Jim was sent to a preparatory school in the town of the State University. After a year of good instruction he was able to enter the Sophomore Class of the University. At that time it was a military school.

He graduated with no special honor, except the captain's straps on his shoulders. He was a member of a popular fraternity. He said in reference to his college experience: "I killed time, spent money—did as most of

the other boys—studied very little. The fact that I have been sorry about many a time is, I did not take anything very serious as I should have done."

About the time of his graduation his home city had the calamity of an inflated land boom. Judge Moore had his all invested and lost. It was not long until Judge Moore's death. There was a financial crisis. There was nothing to do. There were too many applicants for every position and every job.

Jim had to go to work at something. He went to a little railroad town in the county of his nativity, and with little help learned telegraphy. After becoming capable he was given a position at the small salary of forty-two dollars and a half a month, for twelve hours out of every twenty-four, of responsible work, mostly at night, as telegraph operator for one of the main railroad lines near his home city.

He held the position for several years. One night after thumping the telegraph key, reading messages, delivering the copies to engineers and conductors, and going out and

changing the signal, there was nothing to do for an hour or so. He usually nodded then, but that particular night he had no desire to sleep. He said his mind kept busy as he sat there resting an elbow on an instrument table with his chin upon his hand. He had a square-cut chin and the lines of his mouth were strong, both showing abiding character, firm and indomitable. His thoughts were: "Here am I working for very little, at steady work, with scarcely any prospect of rising. I have a good education. What am I doing with it?" Then he thought of two doctors he knew whom he had been associated with all his life, and who were making successful practitioners. Then he came to this conclusion: "I can do anything they can. I can. I will. I am going to study medicine."

From that moment he had gone beyond the "perplexity in the valley of vision," and had met face to face his best self, real, and terribly insistent, denying defeat and demanding recognition.

His resolution was not a repetition of the noted one made by the Prodigal Son, but

there was this in common in their determinations, "I *will arise* and *go.*" Whoever makes these three advances has gone a long distance toward covering the worst of the roughest road.

This would-be doctor had no means. His mother gave him the little that she had—not enough for a comfortable year at school.

The years spent at medical study, were as few young men would dare undertake.

The sessions were shorter than now. So there were several months to work between the school years.

He gave up almost everything that youth enjoys and made out on the necessities. On several different occasions he was forced to take the flaps of his pockets to mend his clothes.

His instructors thought well of him and many of his colleagues loved him. He kept his circumstances to himself as far as he could. Once he was forced to tell his roommate. It was a month before graduation. He had written for a loan of twenty-five dollars. He was almost out of money but he had a railroad pass home. He got no answer to his

letter. That morning he did not go to his classes. When his roommate came in the strong big young man had packed his trunk and was sitting with bowed head. "What is the matter, Moore? Are you sick?" "No, Walker, I am worse than sick. I wrote for a loan of twenty-five dollars and I can't get an answer. I can not finish this year's work. I will have to go home, work another year, and go through this another year. It is two more years' grind for me."

"You shall not do that Moore, I'll share what I have with you." He (My Doctor as a student) borrowed the money from his roommate reluctantly but nevertheless thankfully.

It was several months before My Doctor was really enough of somebody's doctor to have the small amount of twenty-five dollars to return to his friend.

It was paid from the first money received for doing the work of contract practice.

Soon after My Doctor graduated he received his license to practice. Then he began to consider where he would locate.

He had a friend who was a bright young

active doctor who had been established for several years in a coal mining town, near where the newly graduated doctor lived.

This established Dr. C—— had the best general practice in his vicinity and a contract practice for those who worked at a mine a few miles away. He also had prospects of getting another contract for another mine a few miles farther in the opposite direction.

Dr. C—— formed a partnership with My Doctor. They did general practice and had two contract practices.

Contract practice has its advantages and disadvantages (My Doctor would say mostly the latter). It is a post-graduate school with almost every branch of medicine and surgery. Experience is the teacher and there is plenty of material for the clinics.

For Dr. C——'s and My Doctor's contracts the head of each family paid directly or through the office of the mining company a small amount each month for the family doctoring.

There were many emergency cases, when the doctor had to think quickly and carefully. It was advantageous for My Doctor

to have the experienced Dr. C—— for a co-worker.

It is easy enough when in the equations of life we find $2 + 2 = 4$—that is, the exact combination of known values is equal to other known values; but life or an undertaking of it is not quite as we would like it best when $a + b = x$—that is, a combination of values not so clear to us, producing something we do not absolutely know.

Medical practice has much of the figurative algebraic equations. The human body is not mathematically rule bound. My Doctor during his first few months found many things to cope with that were not taught him as a student.

The first case of the kind was when My Doctor answered the call of a miner to attend his wife. Had it been a normal case he would have known almost to a certainty, but he found complications arising and the woman was almost reaching her limit of physical endurance hoping to hold in her arms a wee bit of humanity as her own. It was several miles back to Dr. C——. My Doctor thought he knew what to do. If

he did and failed? He wrote this note and sent it hurriedly to Dr. C——: "Have mercy on me C—— and come at once." Dr. C—— made a hasty trip and with his suggestion and aid all went well.

It is not necessary to describe coal mines, whether tunnels or shafts, the owners, superintendents, commissaries, management or mismanagement, though to a great extent the doctor is interested in everything relating to the mines.

The miners, their homes, their lives, mostly concerned the doctors.

The nearer mine was an old one. There were very ordinary little homes. At one time, either for ornamentation or health, the places had been whitewashed.

The other mine was new. The little houses where the miners lived were of rough lumber, planked up and down. These homes had one or two big rooms and an outside chimney and a shed room.

There were only two wells in the entire place of several hundred people to get water.

There was a boarding house similar to

the homes. It was two storied and had about six rooms which often had as many as fifteen or twenty boarders in it. The miners were by forced custom and nature transient beings. Circumstances and surroundings were not conducive to health. The contract doctor was kept busy—often unnecessarily so.

A young miner a fine specimen of manhood, physically, married a young girl only fifteen years old. It was not unusual for girls so young to marry in the mining camps. This young man, either from ignorance or thoughtlessness or both, forgot that his child wife was his to protect and care for, and because of her youth needed his best care.

The child had become almost an invalid before My Doctor was called. He tactfully questioned and found his fears true. The strong husband was roughly lectured.

In all walks of life, combined moral and physical questions forever confront a busy doctor.

Dr. C—— and My Doctor by their own work and with their own money put in their

own private telephone system from their town to the two mines.

After the telephones had been installed for several months and were a success, the proprietor of one of the mines, who lived in a nearby city, began to dictate to the young doctors how they were to use their own telephones.

If they did not do as he said, he would break up their contract, was the proprietor's threat.

My Doctor was as angry as any experience of his practice ever made him. The miners were the doctors' friends. They, the doctors, went to a meeting of the Miners' Union with the trouble.

They moved the telephone to their own private office, one built by themselves, away from the coal company's property.

My Doctor had practiced for over a year in the mining town. Then he married a young woman he had known in the years before his struggle began. They had written to one another. He had been to her town of a hundred miles' distance to see her, when

he could get away from his practice. She wore the ring he had given her.

The wedding was the usual affair as the paragraph above tells the usual steps to it. It was an early morning marriage, with good music and many pretty flowers, at her sister's home. They were surrounded by a few relatives of both families and her inner circle of friends. There was no wedding journey. She went home with him to help him best serve humanity.

My Doctor's first conveyance after he began practicing was a low framed buggy. This buggy was pulled by a gentle gray horse, "Old Fan."

Among his early calls was one several miles from the mining town. He went on the call before night. On both sides of the road, the woods were thick with a dense undergrowth. In many places outcrops of coal had been worked by private parties which added to the roughness of the naturally rough country. My Doctor did not get started homeward until after dark. By then it was raining—a slow rain, that makes darkness doubly dark.

After riding about a mile My Doctor knew he was lost. "Old Fan" came to a dead halt and refused to move. He got out of the buggy and felt around in the darkness to see why they had stopped. There was a deep place where coal had been dug in front of them that was impassable. He stood there in the rain awhile wondering if he had better hitch and wait all night. He did not like that idea. He was too wet to be comfortable. He backed "Old Fan." "Let me see what this horse can do. She knows this country much better than I." The faithful horse turned around and started off in the opposite direction. She soon was in a familiar road, as he could tell by the lightning flashes.

One mining camp was five miles away by the good road and about three by a terribly mountainous private way. It could hardly be called a road. To save time—a doctor young in his profession, as all youth, hurries—the roughest way was the oftenest taken. There had been heavy rains. There was a swift mountain stream that emptied in a nearby river. On one occasion when "Old Fan" was driven to the stream she re-

fused to go into it. Coaxing and the whip had no effect. My Doctor felt into the water with a pole. He learned there was a deep washout there at the crossing that would have been perilous had My Doctor gotten in it. He managed to turn around and go the five miles' way to the mine.

There was out from My Doctor's first location about three miles a beautiful spot surrounded by mountains. Down in the center was a lithia spring. Around the spring were many varieties of native ferns that grew to perfection on account of the fertile soil and the shade. On the mountain sides were a few cabins. Occasionally someone spent part of the summer there. After one left the main road the way was up the ditches for about the distance of a mile. At some places there would be two ditches and at others there would be one. A horse had to be somewhat of an acrobat to keep himself balanced. As for the load, either human or the necessities of the people, it was jerked, tossed, and tumbled.

The first summer of My Doctor's practice

he had a patient—a child with a severe form of diphtheria—out at the lithia springs.

He knew that the child needed a great deal of attention, and he knew where she was located she could not get it. He knew it was impossible for her to be taken back to her own home in the city in the condition she was in, so he had the child, her mother and aunt moved into the town to share his own home with him. He made the sacrifice for the distressed mother and the suffering child.

In the little mining town there were no quarantine laws. My Doctor was successful in using the right means in keeping the contagion from spreading, for not another person took diphtheria from that patient.

Every day whether called or not, one of the partnership doctors went to each mining camp. Often both went to both of the mining camps. Many times before they returned there was a call to go in haste to see anything from a well baby who kept crying because his clothing was uncomfortable, to doing a surgical operation upon a man with a fractured skull.

It was the night after Christmas, and a very cold one, for icicles were hanging two feet from the tank in the back yard. The telephone rang about the time My Doctor was comfortably asleep. The call was to the farthest neighborhood of the farthest away mine, to see a boy about twelve years old. It was an hour or more before My Doctor could get his horse hitched and take the long ride. After bedtime the doctor can make a very safe guess of the place that he is needed, by the lighted house.

After going in and asking a few questions, he learned the boy was having digestive disturbances caused from eating too much. He could tell by the touch that the child had some fever. He prepared to try his thermometer. After placing it in the patient's mouth the boy said, "I done bit it off, Doc. Must I swallow it?" It would not be just the thing to tell what My Doctor said. He had only the one thermometer. It would be a day before he could get one from the city; besides he needed his money.

The doctors heard that some of the leaders among the miners were talking of having a

MY DOCTOR

strike. My Doctor and Dr. C—— were interested for all concerned. Together they tried to devise means to avoid the strike. They talked with different members of the Miners' Union. They were interested for the good of all and worked for that. They were so persistent and faithful that for that year they were the means of preventing a strike.

My Doctor during a short visit to the city had a conversation with a leading doctor, Dr. C. W——. This doctor told My Doctor that he had heard of his good works up at the mines—but up there he had gone as high as he ever could. "Now the thing for you to do, Moore, is to go to the people," was his friendly advice. It was not a new thought to My Doctor. He had already talked and planned of moving. Now with him it was a settled fact. When? Where? These were his two questions.

He soon decided upon his new location. After considering the matter with a brother-in-law who had a railroad commissary in the most industrial suburb of the town of his new location, he thought it best to live as near the

commissary as possible. By doing so he could more quickly know the real makers of the town, the wage earners, and the wage spenders, who were mostly iron molders and men employed by the railroads.

The only place to be gotten was a small cottage across the avenue from the commissary. His practice came slowly and his fees slower. He knew they would and was not disappointed in that respect. There are usually a few people who have the trying habit. Sometimes they are the ones the established doctors are glad for another to get. There are patients who have the idea that no one has ever understood their construction, obstruction, or reconstruction. These are always playing the old game of "Puss wants a corner—Go to the next neighbor"—*doctor*. They usually walk and always talk. Their talk may be seed that falls upon the stony paths and the chattering birds of discontent may fill their bills and fly away, or more likely some of the talk will fall upon good ground and yield its hundred fold.

There are always new people moving into

the larger places. Their next door neighbor tells them who is the *best* in the medical profession near, their own doctor of course. There is also a continual formation of the next greatest partnership on earth—the greatest mankind with God, the next greatest man with woman when they take the marriage vows. New homes are forever beginning, into which sooner or later a doctor is needed.

A benedict for a few months less than a year had been master of his little home. He came to have an important quiet short talk with My Doctor. The result was a special appointment for a near but indefinite time for My Doctor to be master of ceremonies for the most important event that so far has affected the new home. The same man may have come to My Doctor every two years for the same purpose, but never with the same secrecy and anxiety.

A knock on the side entrance door, moanings and groanings are heard. It is past midnight. A man is brought with a shot hand. My Doctor and his wife both arise.

She prepares water, towels, and other necessary things. In the crowded up little home, the patient and his several followers are asked in the bedroom until the proper treatment is given.

After getting back to sleep—another knock—a neighbor comes to ask if he can call Dr. —— (a physician several miles away) to come to see the baby. There was nothing to do but let him come in. My Doctor answered something that the neighbor thought gave him right of way to the telephone. When he got there he was terribly impatient because "Central" was not quick enough to suit him. After he left, My Doctor permanently placed that man in the superlative degree of fooldom. Positive degree, *fool*, comparative degree *common fool*, superlative degree —— *fool*.

The telephone was a wall attached one by the side entrance door, diagonally across the room from the bed. More than once My Doctor had to leave his wife at home alone, sick in bed, with a temperature of over a hundred, and go to see some sick person. If the telephone rang, it must be answered. She would catch from chair to chair getting

the distance from the bed to the telephone. She would get the message and be glad to tell the doctor of a new call, forgetting that the exertion had made her temperature rise. Neither were glad that anyone was sick, but if sickness was near My Doctor was being called.

There was a time when messengers for the doctor rode to the gate—for everyone had fences then—and called out their "Hello, here!" If not a "Hello" from the front gate, a knock on the front door by the person in search of the doctor.

In My Doctor's years of work, his messages were most often telephone calls. The doctors know that the telephone is one of the most necessary parts of their equipment. When anything gets the matter with it they hurriedly see that it is fixed.

In all the years of My Doctor's practice he had good service from the telephone system. The "Centrals" were, almost without exception, prompt and polite.

In the years that My Doctor was a practicing physician his office was in a building with a drug store or near enough one to be

used by him. The town doctor and the drug store are each necessary the one to the other.

In the country, the mining camp, and the villages the doctor compounds his own medicine. The town doctor writes his prescription, has the family send it to the druggist or often leaves it at the drug store himself or telephones it in to them. The prescription is the medium between the doctor and the pharmacist.

Along with the home of the doctor and his office the drug store is a medium between the doctor and the people. Telephone messages and calls are sent in to the drug store and the druggist or his assistants deliver them as soon as they can.

Between his hours of study and professional calls, My Doctor had regular times—or as regular as a busy doctor could have—for going to the drug store. It was more convenient for some of his busy patients to meet him there than at the office.

My Doctor understood what it was to do the work of the pharmacist, and often commented on his long tedious hours of ser-

vice. He was sympathetic. In showing at all times, consideration, he got in return true friendship and gentle treatment toward himself. For "As in water, face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

My Doctor, during his early practice, was for two years City Physician. It was while he lived in the little cottage across the avenue from the commissary.

His principal duty as a city officer was to attend the sick prisoners of the little city. It was working under difficulties. The work was for the depraved and deprived of both the negroes and the white people. He had this experience concerning a boy about eighteen years old. The young fellow was arrested at the railroad station, and was tried and condemned for vagrancy. He was fined, but did not have the money to pay the fine, so he was put on the streets to labor with the other criminals. My Doctor thought from the looks of the young prisoner he was out of his element. After questioning the boy he learned that the young fellow was the son of a successful practicing physician in an adjoin-

ing state, that the mother was dead, that the father had lately married again, and that he (the boy) decided to show his resentment by running away from home. My Doctor wired the doctor-father who came and paid the fine and took the boy home. In the meantime My Doctor made it convenient to have a fatherly talk with the horizontally striped clad young fellow, encouraging him to go home and begin in the right direction toward "making good." He had the boy to put off his striped garb and put back on his own suit and look as well as he could under the circumstances, when the father came the following day to take his son from the city prison.

Another duty as City Physician was to attend those who were very poor, there were always many who were sufficiently sick to need a doctor.

There were contagious diseases to be looked after and made record of and he had to combine the records of the other doctors concerning the same. The worst epidemic that has ever occurred in the town, or little city, was while My Doctor was City Physician—that

of smallpox. Smallpox is generally a respecter of persons. It was to some extent then, but not absolutely. There were some who, for some reason or other, had not been vaccinated, and others who had been careless and had not been revaccinated when necessary and were afflicted with either smallpox or variola.

A number of the negroes were smallpox patients. They were by nature night animals. From combined sympathy and curiosity they went to see their sick friends. There was a county pesthouse, beyond the city limits. The city had no guarded place for any contagious diseases. If patients were not sent to the pesthouse a guard, who was an immune, one who either had had smallpox or the milder form of the disease, was placed to keep any one from going in where there was a case—except the doctor. The doctor (My Doctor) made his rounds and came home to change clothes and use disinfectants. Perhaps by the time he was ready to go out he was called to see another smallpox patient. Some days he would have to go home several times to use the right preventative methods.

The best room in the little house was used for disinfecting and fumigating, because it was the one that could be most easily spared for that purpose.

There was a father of half a dozen children, who was a capable workman whenever he would work. He drank and spent his earnings faster than he made them, that is, he was in debt to everybody who would trust him. The little wife and mother did her best, which was not much. That man had one of the worst forms of smallpox during the epidemic. For several weeks My Doctor attended him, going once or twice daily. He took it upon himself to see that the patient had the medicine he needed. By word nor pocket-book did that man ever express a "Thank you."

There was a big fat black negro woman, "Aunt Lucy," who wabbled instead of walked. She was My Doctor's patient. A rather objectionable case on his part, but he made the best of it. After she had gotten well, she came to see if there was not something she could do for her doctor. Whatever the other qualities are of the negroes,

most of them have one admirable one—desire to express appreciation. My Doctor had only a few negro patients and did not want many. There were some who were always his faithful followers, who believed so implicitly in him that they stopped him by the wayside to get prescriptions from him, if he was too busy or for other reasons did not care to go to their homes. He preferred that most of the negroes should have a doctor of their own race. To discuss the *why* would be to tell of the conditions and tendencies of the average of the negro race which would be to digress from my purpose in writing.

Early in My Doctor's practice, mothers began to name their babies for him. One of the first babies to be given his name was born in a shack at the woodyard—a wood-chopper's child. The little one was dressed in a bright red calico dress, with big white polka dots on it. This baby had more than babies usually have of hair, which was very dark, and with his big eyes of a peculiar color of blue that would later be brown was not unlike an Indian baby, in his bright colored

dress. My Doctor's wife made that baby a dress and carried it to him. The mother in her simple way said, "We call him now 'Little Doc.' Guess he'll allus be Doc."

The young doctors, or the newly located ones, can make their visits to the same places (the abodes of the poor and humble), where true charity goes.

There were many babies named for My Doctor. Some were given his full name, "James Clinton" or "James Moore," and there were several given only his middle name "Clinton."

A number of mothers gave My Doctor their babies' pictures. He had a portion of one of the side walls in his private office ornamented with those photographs and kodak pictures. They were babies he had looked after physically, from the beginning of their existence.

He loved that little bit of ornamentation, for he had a tender feeling for the realities that each little picture represented, and for all the other little ones he had watched over continuously, as their doctor.

The family physician appreciates the love

of the children and the true respect and sincere trust of those that are older. He is at his best when he feels that he has that consideration. It is more than money.

When a doctor is greeted with, "I sent for *you* because I had to send for somebody," down in his heart he would rather not have had the call. I remember My Doctor once had a greeting like that. The next time he had a call to go into that home he was "Too busy" to go, notwithstanding that the head of the family paid his bills promptly.

The parts of the body and the functions thereof are no more lowly vulgar nor coarsely common to a real doctor than the parts of a complicated engine are to an engineer, or the pieces that make the piano to a piano tuner. Our bodies are the only earthly reality that those of any faith believe is promised eternity, and all who trust in the Scriptures believe the "Body the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in us"; then it is fit that all that concerns it should be esteemed in the highest, purest sense.

At one place after My Doctor had given

hours of faithful hard service, helping nature bring on earth a new life, the father offered to give as pay a mortgage on a sewing machine. My Doctor did not want him to do so and did not let him. That man paid one dollar at three different times toward that bill. He left the town and was never heard of again.

Once a half-gallon of sorghum was all that was given for a similar case; at another time he was offered some collards.

There was a father who came back seven years afterwards for the purpose of paying in full the amount due My Doctor.

My Doctor could never figure to a mathematical certainty who would pay him. There was an honest woman who had a "ne'er-do-well" husband. She called My Doctor to see her sick child. "Doctor, I am sorry to say it, but you know it. Sam will not pay you for this call, but I'll pay you when my cow comes in." If the cow ever *came in*, Sam drank the milk, for the bill was never paid.

My Doctor did learn that the few whom he had practiced for, that ever said the least

critical things concerning his work, were those who were not responding to the "*Balance due*" they received. The most of My Doctor's people for whom he practiced were very honorable in their dealings with him. He understood their circumstances and did not expect the impossible. About as happy as a paid-in-full ever made My Doctor was when he received the check with the following note:

"My dear Dr. Moore:

"For the honest, conscientious, sympathetic, and able services rendered my wife, I am now out of your debt financially; but I feel that I shall always owe you a debt of gratitude, which only a lifetime of gratefulness can repay.

"Believe me, most sincerely,

"Your friend,

J. L. C——."

A good friend of My Doctor kindly gave him cinder for his driveway beyond his garage so he could make the turn with his car and not get in the mud. Soon after that this

friend had an injured foot. My Doctor tended him and did not make any charge. The friend appreciated his services to such an extent that he sent a check anyway. My Doctor returned it, after drawing a line through both their names, and writing on it, "Back to the sender in appreciation of the cinder."

I do not think My Doctor ever asked a man directly, face to face, for the amount due for professional work. Every two months he mailed his bills. Twice, in the years of his professional experience, he gave to collectors bills that should be paid but had not, and if there had not been the collector to follow up their promises, would not.

When there were only two or three automobiles in the town and those few were used for pleasure only, My Doctor decided to get a car for professional service. Makes of cars were in the beginning of their making. There were no agencies near.

My Doctor had his wife get together all the magazines in the home and those from the nearest neighbor. He brought from his

office his medical journals. Together they looked over the cuts of the advertised automobiles. The one making the prettiest appearance with a nice curving dashboard and other symmetrical lines was selected and ordered. After it came a young man who knew a little more than the average citizen about automobiles, and who did not know enough to justify him to boast about it, was hired a half-day at a time to teach the art of guiding the car. It would stay in the road for the young man, which was more than it would do for My Doctor. For several days My Doctor stuck to the broad street in front of his residence, that is, as much as he could. The car would take a slanting run into the park across the street. Then without any warning it would be just as apt to try the sidewalk on the opposite side of the street for a part of a block if a shade tree did not stop it.

When he had learned to keep the car in the road he made his first professional call in it. The patient was a little over a mile from his residence. It was a very hot day that he made the visit. Then he cranked, and cranked.

He melted all his starched wearing apparel and the car showed him plainly that it was not going to move. He went to a telephone near, and called the young man who had taught him how to run the car. The young fellow came and looked at the spark-plug. Early automobilists thought *spark-plug* as people with sick cows once thought *hollow-horn* the one certain trouble if not the only one that was sure to exist. The young man was being paid by the hour. He kept experimenting. He found a little something that looked like a push button that had shaken out of its socket near the floor of the car beneath the seat.

That little car was like a degenerate person —out of one trouble into another.

After My Doctor had been using his automobile for several months, and had mastered as well as he could *that car*, he went to see a patient who lived on one of the steepest hills in town. The car went up the hill, but in coming down the brakes would not hold. He lost control. The car turned upside down throwing him against a tree with such force that an ugly gash was cut above his eye.

One of My Doctor's good friends saw the accident. He called a street hack and brought his doctor friend home. When My Doctor was taken into his own home, he was literally covered with blood and dirt.

Another physician was summoned. After My Doctor was cleaned up the physician who had been called arrived. He found it was necessary to take seven stitches in the horseshoe-shaped cut above My Doctor's right eye. He also found that My Doctor had a considerably injured knee.

That was about the noon hour. Before night My Doctor was out with his head bandaged and limping to see some of his own patients, who wanted their own doctor. Within a few days he was using his car, which had not fared so badly as the doctor on account of the accident.

He never tried the Twenty-fourth Street hill again with any automobile. He would always stop his car before he reached the steepest part of the hill and walk a block or more. He never was fond of walking. Many times he took out his car to go two or three blocks.

My Doctor wrote to the factory and told them of the many difficulties that he was having with the little car. After sending several letters back and forth, the automobile company agreed to let their best machinist come seven hundred miles at My Doctor's expense. He was to make everything concerning the car right. He came. He tightened up a few bolts, and said the car was as good as it ever was. No doubt it was. That is like saying to any girl, "You are as pretty as you can be," if she is gotten up in fairly good taste. It is a safe statement to say and stick to the truth in saying it.

That car was good to learn upon, if not dependable to go from patient to patient.

Later My Doctor had several other cars. He had some mechanical ability and learned much about the upkeep of the cars himself.

His last car he loved, as he did the horses he had owned, that gave him satisfactory service before his experience with automobiles. He said all his cars were like the little girl that had the curl that hung on her forehead. When they were *good*, they were *very good* and when they were *bad* they were *horrid*.

My Doctor was daily coming in contact with interesting experiences, amusing and pathetic.

A mother came bringing in her arms a large seven months' old. She came to interview My Doctor at his midday rest hour. His usual plan was after having his midday meal to lie down and rest for a half-hour before again starting on his round of calls.

This mother said, "Doctor, I want you to tell me what ails this young un." In her quaint unlearned way, she wanted to know why her baby refused to take his nourishment as nature intended he should. My Doctor picked up the baby and felt his flesh. "Mrs. S—— you have been feeding him something, haven't you?" "Yeah, I chewed up bread an' taters and pies an' things fur him most ever sense he wus a month old." My Doctor said, "He is, as far as I can see, thriving on it, for he surely is a fine looking baby." After the mother left with the child the doctor said emphatically: "I be John Brown! If fools do not work their children's guardian angels overtime, but somehow the angels stay on their jobs."

The telephone rings, "Come at once. Someone is hurt at the shop." The doctor to go without dinner and rest? To be sure. The woman with the fat fed baby had taken up his dinner hour. He could not make her any charges for the time. Perhaps he will get home about the middle of the afternoon. Most likely supper will be his first refreshments.

Night at the doctor's home is different from that of any other home. The firemens' halls where the paid firemen sleep are in some respects similar. Most people when they go to sleep know, to a certain extent, they can sleep on until day, but a busy doctor never knows how many times in one night his rest will be broken.

In another respect the life of the busy doctor is like the firemen who are employed by the city—the worse the weather and the more comfortably asleep they are, is the most sure time for being called. Then, should they get out of hearing of the telephones from which they usually receive their messages, some one of their best patients is apt to have urgent need of them.

A disagreeable night, My Doctor had been out in the rain and sleet. Another call as he goes out to stand the weather again. This is a part of it. "Look for me when you see me coming. I am going to John Mc——" or some such place where he is accustomed to be going or expecting to be called.

When he had been over thirty hours of steady going and serving, and had gotten home and had had something to eat and had gone to sleep (he was very fortunate in usually being able to go to sleep quickly whenever he had the opportunity), the telephone would ring. The wife tries to answer it quickly and quietly so the doctor can sleep a little longer. She knows how badly he needs the rest. She is sharing his anxieties about the lives he is using all his efforts to save. He has told her. She understands and knows the necessity for the doctor's rest. The woman at the other end of the line could not give the message to the doctor's wife, although the wife had asked with her softest gentlest tones, "Can't you give me the message, please? Doctor is busy now." She never could say he was *not in*, but her conscience did let her

say *busy* when he was getting badly needed sleep. That particular message was, "Doctor, I just gave my baby a dose of castor oil, did I do right?" My Doctor's answers were: "Yes ma'am, yes ma'am," and more than a dozen more of the same replies, before the mother of the oil-dosed baby ever got through telephoning.

That mother got the information that she did right in giving her baby the dose of oil she had already given him. The doctor got the information about everything that mother knew concerning her baby, her home, her neighborhood, also the best way to keep an old hen from setting. He did not get a thing to charge, not even a prescription, and he did not get any more rest for ten hours.

There was a side-street merchant dealing in the smaller staple things. His money came slowly, and by nature and habit he did not like to spend any of it. His wife was a shrinking little woman. She seldom ever spoke and never came to a decision without her husband's aid. He selected her and the children's few clothes and the household

things. They looked like it. He always deferred calling a doctor. If a calamity or severe sickness occurred, My Doctor was always called. That man paid before the doctor left the house, but he looked at each dollar with a farewell, as if he was looking to see the date or some familiar mark, hoping to have it again.

Somehow My Doctor had to be called into that home often. Perhaps it was because the head of the family gave regular dosings to his entire household of the different patent medicines that he could not sell that he had in his store. The wife of this man never called My Doctor until she had sent to the store to ask if she might. She had her little child go to the store for her husband that he might send for My Doctor. The husband was not out at the store. She had sent the third time before the child found him. By then on account of the hemorrhage and the new snuffed-out life by her, it was too late. When the doctor arrived her breathing had almost ceased.

The head of the household had to send a telegram to his mother-in-law. He stopped

expressing grief in every possible way long enough to ask the doctor to write the telegram. My Doctor wrote: "Mary dead, come at once." Then he gave the man the message. After carefully reading it the man said, "Doc, kaint you send ten words for a quarter?" My Doctor assured him that he could. The man wrote on to the message. "*Too bad*, I'm so sad." Then he went out to the store and telephoned it in, and had to pay for an extra word over the quarter's worth, for he did not know *I'm* was two words.

My Doctor often said "too bad, I'm so sad," whenever he saw a person that wanted more than his money's worth in every deal.

There was a pretty mother of two fine little boys, one having My Doctor's name for his given name. My Doctor had been *her doctor* since she came to the town as a bride. The little woman was a busy housekeeper, and always neighborly in times of trouble. She had a sick neighbor, that neighbor had no telephone. The sick woman needed some medical attention hurriedly. The little mother went across the street in haste to her own telephone to give the message. She fell and

FROM A WALL IN DOCTOR MOORE'S PRIVATE OFFICE

hurt herself. She did not consider it serious, but it was, although she kept busy doing good, and her household duties. My Doctor, for several years, used all the means possible, but her physical condition did not satisfactorily respond to any remedy used. He assisted the husband in making it possible for that patient to go to one of the leading specialists in a distant city. He wrote the specialist in reference to the case. This was the concluding sentence of his letter. "I do hope you can be the means of helping this patient, for she is the mother of two fine little boys who need her."

Little Nellie had some contagious disease, scarlet fever, I think it was. The house was quarantined. The older sister stayed at her grandmother's. Nellie and her mother were alone for several weeks except for My Doctor's daily call. They both looked forward from visit to visit of the doctor, especially Nellie. She had been going to school and had learned to write letters. She was very anxious to write to her relatives and friends when she began to get strong

enough. Her mother said, "You can't do it, dear." Then she explained to her why. Nellie said, "I know what I will do, I'll write to my doctor." So daily she had her letters written when he came. He read them and answered them orally, much to her enjoyment. When she got well she said, "Doctor, what would I have done for so long, if I had not had you to write to?"

As the days are not all full of sunshine and the breezes are not always balmy, there are stormy rough places that come into busy lives. My Doctor was *really arrested*. He had the happy way of forgiving and forgetting and looking back on events that had been unpleasant for the time being, as amusing. He never saw any fun in that experience of being arrested.

One night he was down at a prominent drug store. It was a little after dark. He had not been home to supper. His usual time for coming home was half-past seven. While he was talking to someone in the drug store the sheriff came in, and went over and put his hand on My Doctor's arm and

said, "Dr. Moore, you are under arrest, sir."

My Doctor knew the sheriff very well, so he thought at first it was a joke, and said, "The —— I am?" The sheriff got out his warrant and showed it to him. My Doctor was much angrier than in his contract experience when the mine owner was going to take from him the telephone system. There were some friends in the drug store who went on his bond at once, so he was not taken to prison.

The arrest was for the stated reason that My Doctor had not reported a case of smallpox. The warrant was issued under the direction of the doctor who was at that time County Health Officer. When My Doctor came home, he was too angry to eat his supper. He told his wife everything concerning his being arrested. He used some expletives a little stronger than adjectives in explaining and describing. She was blessed in keeping calm the few times in the doctor's life that he felt and showed anger.

My Doctor, a week or so before being arrested, had been out beyond the furnace in

the suburbs to see John O——. When he went, the patient had just begun to be sick. The case had not advanced far enough for any doctor to say exactly what it was. In a few days My Doctor was informed that the County Health Officer had taken charge, pronounced the case smallpox, and put up the yellow flag. My Doctor was very busy with his other many duties, and never went back and never thought anything about it until his arrest.

My Doctor, after deliberating a little, decided on his plans. He found out the case would come before the probate court. The probate judge was a man for whom My Doctor had great respect. When he saw the judge he told him of the arrest. He also told the judge when the case came up he would be there, but he was not going to any expense about it.

The day of the trial the Health Officer had the County Solicitor for his lawyer. He had for his witnesses two well-known doctors to prove that the patient had a real case of smallpox. They went on with the case. Then the judge asked My Doctor what he

had to say. My Doctor gave the facts of his connections of the case. No court proceedings ever embarrassed him, for he was used to seeing similar experiences when he was a boy. When My Doctor had finished, the judge said, as he looked at the three doctors and the County Solicitor, "Gentlemen, you have no case."

My Doctor went out of the court-house alone, but remarked as he left, "If some folks had more business of their own to attend to, they would not have so d—— much time to attend to that of other people."

There was a dear old maid who was gentle to everyone and kind to everybody. She had some money and time for whatever she cared to do—one thing in particular was to keep her hair dyed. It was at one time blondined, another it had a reddish tinge, and perhaps when you saw her again it would be brown or streaked, but never gray.

She had long passed the periodical conflict that her physical condition had undergone. Several times yearly she would send for My Doctor and in a squeaky stage-whispering

voice say, "Doctor, you know at such times as this I have to be so particular, etc." By her whispering to the doctor and her subdued conversations with her neighbors and friends she wanted it understood she was still young. My Doctor had to deal with her sentimental emotions rather than her bodily ailments until she had an unfortunate accident.

This dear old lady went to a Hallowe'en affair. There were several contests. Among them was one in which apples were hung by strings from a beam. The contestants were each to eat an apple without touching it with his or her hands. The old maid entered the contest. She stretched her mouth and went after the apple. Her young friends stood around saying, "Go it Miss Fanny. I am betting on you." She was the winner, but hurt her jaw. She told My Doctor, "They said '*go it*' and I went it. Then I heard a pop of my jaw. I did not feel anything bad for a day or two. Now I can't chew anything hard, and there is soreness all the time." My Doctor treated her gently and patiently, and was truly sympathetic for the several months of slow treatment. He had a keen

sense of humor, and was often amused at that dear old maid.

There was a young man and his sister—she about twenty years old—living on a farm. The young woman had some kind of spells if things did not quite go to suit her. She would faint, get unconscious, become rigid, etc. Her brother would hurry for My Doctor. After she had had several such spells, that one particular time My Doctor did not hurry and she had gotten through with one round, when the doctor went in she was ready to begin another. She always managed to find a comfortable place to fall. My Doctor saw she was making her preparations; as she began her fainting, he grabbed her by her shoulder and also her hair and gave one a twist and the other a jerk. She did not get unconscious that time. My Doctor said: "Darn you, you have given this good brother of yours and these other folks enough trouble. It is high time for you to stop this foolishness." It was a cure and a permanent one. Never after did I know My Doctor to use the same remedy.

He never said he regretted using it that time.

My Doctor put his work and those for whom he practiced, first at all times. There was to be a merry party to take a trip to New York. He had planned to go. His suit-case was packed. The son of one of his good friends came home with typhoid fever the night before the party left. That settled it for him. He did not go. The faithful good mother needed her doctor (My Doctor) to help be the means of bringing back to health her handsome young son.

There was a young railroad employee. He was so mentally quick with acute sense of wit and humor that My Doctor enjoyed his companionship, and claimed him as one of his inner circle of friends. This young man was hurt while tending to his regular work. It happened in another town. My Doctor was much concerned about him. Every day he mentioned him. He took more than a doctor's interest in the young man when he could be moved home where he could give him his personal attention.

Another young friend was a member of a volunteer fire company. There was a fire at a big mill. This young man fell from a ladder which caused a badly fractured arm. My Doctor was surgeon for the fire company, an honored position without pay. He accepted it as his duty to attend the young man. It was sympathetic patient work for his friend. He knew the worth of the honorable young man. He knew the struggles he had; that many troubles had been in his life that were not of his own making.

Among My Doctor's patients was a boy, almost a young man. He was as much beloved by everyone who knew him as any boy ever is. He became sick with a severe form of pneumonia. My Doctor was intensely interested in his case. He could get no good results from the means he used. He spent all his spare time reading, hoping to find some knowledge that he had not tried that might be effective if used in combating the disease. He asked the family if they cared to do so to call in another physician for a consultation. That doctor did not see anything else that could be done. The disease worked quickly.

When everything had failed and the family had been told so, my big strong doctor wept. He said later in referring to it: "It hurt me so to see that boy go, but I don't believe any power this side of heaven could have helped it."

In a simple little home out in the suburbs lived a man, wife, and several children, and an old great-grandmother. Oftentimes the people of little means are big of heart in caring for the dependent. As My Doctor entered, two ladies who liked to do charity first hand had just left. It was a warm day. My Doctor put his hat wherever convenient, and went over and took the hand of the sick old woman who was in a bed in the corner of the best room in the house. If he noticed it he did not show it in anyway that things were only partially clean and *want* was visible everywhere; with "the voice of Love, and the smile and the comforting eye" he said most likely the words that any real doctor would have said.

The old woman began to talk of how good it was for the ladies of affluence to come into

their poor home to do things for her. She kept up her talk of the poor surroundings. My Doctor said, "Look here, Grandma, your home is like their homes, and my home. It is your castle. When you go anywhere and stay any time, this is the best place in the world to come back to, isn't it?" He knew that a short time before that the old woman had been glad to get back to that home after trying to stay with another relative elsewhere who was in considerably better circumstances.

He got the right mental effect to assist his remedies. He also left a happier old woman by his cheerful suggestion.

My Doctor always had some patients who took the privilege of diagnosing their own cases. Sometimes they would wait until My Doctor entered the sick room and before he could take off his hat, and be ready to give his attention to the case, the patient had made a diagnosis, and was ready for the doctor to agree to what the disease was and also to the treatment the patient suggested.

This is a written description and name of her trouble, My Doctor received before he

could get to see the patient. "I am just so weak, I can hardly walk and have had a place in my stomach for some time. When it first come, I could not lie on my back. It would flutter like some live thing. But now keen pains run through me like a knife cutting, and I can feel like something running on each side of my stomach. I have to have something to eat every half-hour, if not my stomach is just gnawing. I have all symptoms of worms. Bleave I got them."

There was one case where an Irishman, under the influence of whiskey, tried an operation upon himself.

It was during Christmas week. There were sure to be more or less fatalities during the Christmas season, back in the years when alcoholic drinks were sold on nearly every corner and in the middle of most of the blocks. Pat O'Reiley (that is not his real name) was a hard-working fellow and equally as hard drinking when the spells came on him. Usually on holidays he had a round of drinking if he had worked up till then, and had the money.

Norah, his wife, had been accustomed to seeing men drink. She accepted it as "The way of 'im." If he became too obstreperous she locked herself and her family away from him, or locked him into a room alone.

"Norah, me darlin', open the door and let me in." The children had gone to sleep. Norah was singing and mending the little ones' clothes and paid no attention to Pat. "Norah, I want to kiss the children good-night and you too before you go to your dreamin'. I just must kiss you, Norah, me darlin'." Still no answer. "Norah, if you don't let me in I'll operate on meself, so you will let me in." Norah laughed. Then she heard a painful scream. "Norah, me darlin', I'm dying—bleeding to death. Call me doctor, call me doctor!"

My Doctor hurriedly went and as he worked Norah told him the above conversation. He advised Norah to say nothing to any one. "Pat is a good fellow. He will soon be all right. Hope this will be his last jag. It looks like this would be enough to teach him to let the damnable stuff alone. The —— fool came near bleeding to death."

"Faith and begorra, I'm thinking so too," said Norah.

My Doctor was not much for religious discussions. When he attempted to quote the Bible, which was very seldom, he usually got mixed as to the different divine writers and their oftenest quoted verses. He would give Paul credit for James's statement concerning *faith*, then he would give his own revised version as "Faith without works isn't worth a ——." He was always sure of the simple principles of faith, and strong on brotherly love.

There was a seriously sick man. My Doctor had done all he could for him. He noticed that the patient was very nervous, with an expression of having something important to say. "Well, what is it John?" "Doctor, you have not told me yet, but I know I am going to die, and I am afraid to die. Doctor, I am not straight of this Heaven and Hell of the hereafter." "John, that need not worry you long. You can decide that right now," said My Doctor. "In the first place did you ever hear anything

bad of Heaven?" "No, Doctor." "Well, did you ever hear anything good of the other place?" "I never did," said the patient. "Well, you know which you would like best, don't you?" "Yes, sir, but Doctor I've been—" My Doctor did not let him speak farther, but said himself, "You have been little but you are big now. We can't keep on being what we once were. We are always changing. Bring that Bible here and some of you good folks tell him the rest. If you can't, get a preacher. He knows how and would like the job." With a smile that proceeded from "a wonderful strength in cheerfulness," he left to see another patient.

There was a man for whom My Doctor had practiced in the first years of his professional work. The man had unusual good mechanical ability and was master mechanic at one of the shops. There was a strike on, and as he was considered one of the leaders he was never reinstated to the position he had held. Soon after that there was considerable business depression. The good workman lost his home. Then he left the

town for several years. Whenever any of his family were real sick, he came back to talk to My Doctor concerning the sickness. Later he came back to town, but he had no permanent work. A few days at one job and a few days at another had been his employment for a year or more. My Doctor learned of a place that he believed would suit the good man. The place was to be filled that day. He (My Doctor) was the means of putting the employer in touch with the capable man and assisting him in obtaining a permanent job. It was no money consideration to the doctor. That workman was honest. He and his faithful wife paid their doctor bills if they had to make sacrifices to do so. It was for the betterment of that family and the hope that the children within that home could have the advantages that the parents wished to give them.

One night a little after nine o'clock there was a telephone message given by a woman with a high-pitched voice indicating that she was much excited. She wanted My Doctor to come at once. As a rule the *come at once*

people are not always the *pay at once*. Those people always paid promptly.

My Doctor went out to the garage, and had a little trouble in getting his car to start, perhaps he was out there for ten or fifteen minutes. In the meantime the message was repeated in a man's voice for the doctor to hurry. When My Doctor was told of that hurrying message, he said, "They must have some sick visitor, for I am certain the man and wife are the only ones that belong in that home."

When My Doctor returned from the call, he said that when he got to the home the man and wife both met him at the door; the woman was wringing her hands, and gasping for her words as she said: "Oh, Doctor! I am so glad you are here. Poor Prince Tee Wee has had two convulsions." Prince Tee Wee was the little pet dog. My Doctor said: "I am not the one you want. You should have sent for the veterinary doctor."

"No, Doctor, we know you and we do not know him and we could not trust Prince Tee Wee with a real stranger."

My Doctor said he was so disgusted that

he felt like coming back home at once. He decided he had gone to the trouble of making the call. Let them pay him for it. So he went into the house. The woman brought out the little pet dog on a sofa pillow with a towel folded beneath him. He said the little creature looked like a small-sized sofa pillow made of unsheared sheepskin, with a face and head not much larger than a silver dollar. The woman held out the little bundle toward him. My Doctor said, in telling of it, "I'd be dog-goned, if I was going to put that dog on my lap." So he told the woman she had better do the holding. He did not try to make a very careful diagnosis. He suggested that if the adopted parents wished, he could put the little Prince Tee Wee to everlasting rest. There were objections from both the man and woman. "We could not stand that, Doctor."

My Doctor's keen sense of humor came to his aid. He took his prescription pad and wrote two or three prescriptions of mild forms of medicines used for babies and gave directions for that dog to be dosed every two hours all that night. The woman said, "Doctor,

suppose Tee Wee is asleep?" "Well, Mrs. Blank, just hold his nose and give it to him anyway."

The drug stores close at ten. He had Mr. Blank hurry to town with him to get the medicine. My Doctor usually made rather long calls, but he did not linger long over the little dog.

Prince Tee Wee and his line of royalty may be living yet so far as I know. Soon after that, the dog, accompanied by the man and woman, moved away from our town.

There was no hospital in the town. In his experiences, My Doctor saw many times where he desired very much to have one, to get the results he wanted and believed he could get, if the patient could have good attention with aseptic surroundings. He made the sacrifice of his own home, building a small modern operating room and sterilizing room.

Several times he went to New York for post-graduate study to learn more of operative work and medical and surgical electricity.

He gave his best of mind, strength, and money. It was a losing undertaking finan-

cially, but it was a permanent beginning of greater things in hospital facilities for his town. For several years he had greater opportunities for helping others.

Several young nurses were encouraged to make the best use of the talents they had. One ambitious young woman welcomed each effort toward improvement and made the best use of every opportunity. She constantly was cheerful with expectations and later realized her highest aspirations.

Many patients with various ailments were brought back to strength.

There was a baby who had a deformity that would have ruined her nappiness and those who loved her. By the surgical operation of My Doctor, she was made a normal child.

Laudable work of any endeavor goes from one to another through the eye, the heart, and the mouth, ever telling of any one who is serving humanity for the highest good. The afflicted baby was the means of My Doctor having several similar operations to do that were successful happy work. Successful medical and surgical work was always happy work for him.

A mother brought from a distant town, a lovely daughter, who was suffering with a terrible nervous affliction caused by a serious physical condition. My Doctor told them it would take time for the young woman to be benefited. After several months of faithful work on My Doctor's part, and patience and willingness by the patient, to use the means prescribed they were rewarded with the results that he had hoped and worked to get.

Among the hospital experiences was an operation for extracting a bullet from the leg of a young man. During the operation and the after-treatment a deputy sheriff was ever present as a guard. Likely in some time or other legal officers have captive patients in every hospital. That patient was known as "The King of Turkey Heaven." Turkey Heaven is a mountain in an adjoining county. At that time it was noted for being a stronghold for the making of "moonshine whiskey" —the illegal making of whiskey.

That young fellow was the leader of the gang of the moonshiners. He was a handsome type of the mountaineer class. He

was a decided blond with clear-cut features. He had an unusual amount of caution. He refused to take an anæsthetic to be made unconscious of his suffering while the doctors probed for the bullet. He stood the pain without flinching. He either had dogged determination or heroic fortitude or perhaps both.

There were many other interesting cases, and some that had many amusing incidents concerning them, that would be worth the telling had the years between the *then* and the *now* been more, so no one or no one's relatives could be offended. Doctors' wives have a "Code of Ethics," though unwritten and never discussed, of as high order as the doctors have.

Dr. King, a Missouri doctor wrote: "The Code is intended to hold doctors to a strict accountability for their conduct toward each other. It holds them just as firmly to a strict accountability for their conduct toward their patients and the public generally. The Code is to the doctor the highest law in the universe outside of the Bible, and if he does not recognize the Bible, then it is the highest law. What the Discipline is to the Method-

ist, the Confession of Faith to the Calvinist, and the Articles of Faith to the Baptist, the Code is to the doctor. It may be urged that a gentleman does not need a code. Neither do the healthy need a physician; nor the saints in Heaven need a savior. We were all men before we were doctors. Men as varied in our instincts, education, intelligence, and desires as any other class of men. If we could make the *ideal* doctor first, then make the man to fit him, then we would need no code." This is an intelligent doctor's necessity of a Code of Ethics. The doctor's wife knows a great deal of the frailties, follies, and failures of humanity that it is her duty to strengthen and encourage toward the better things, and guard the knowledge, concerning the doctor's patients as she would wish them to do, if they knew the same or similar facts concerning her. There are many things not really wrong, yet people do not want the world in general, and their next door neighbor, in particular, to know about them.

When a real doctor is your doctor, you can tell him the inmost secrets of your life.

No one but Luke, the beloved physician, could have been told by Mary the most sacred experiences of her gentle womanly life. The Divine Power knew that it would take an ideal doctor to learn the fact from Mary to give to the world the singular circumstances of the connection of Divinity with humanity. Mary could not have told Matthew, who understood men better than women, and who evidently was told the early facts concerning Jesus, by Joseph. Mary could not have told Mark with his straightway conclusion of events, nor the beloved John who wrote the God-given side of the Word, presenting to us Jesus, as a grown young man. She could and did tell Luke. He was her doctor. He could understand her maternal feelings and thoughts —the things that she (Mary) had "kept and pondered in her heart" until she had made a confidant of "Luke, the beloved physician."

The patients did not tell My Doctor of just their bodily conditions. Less than a week before My Doctor's death a refined, gentle little matron said, while waiting down

at his office, "I tell Doctor everything that concerns me and mine."

The people tell their doctor of their ambitions, hopes, disappointments, and family troubles. The world is full of family troubles. It is the worst side of human nature breaking the laws of love, if not breaking, bending into grotesque shapes which can seldom be straightened into its former symmetry.

My Doctor was often able to give suggestions which, when followed, made lives the happier for the time being.

A man and wife had a misunderstanding. Neither one was very wrong. Each one told his and her inner circle of friends. Unfortunately they had not the same friends. Each heard, "I would not do this," and "I would not stand that." Fortunately they had a good friend in common, their doctor, My Doctor. Each went to him separately. In his sympathetic way he saw both sides, and in his own mind thought, "Them that God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." From the love of his heart toward each one of them he had more than tact in dealing with that man and wife and was able to give

advice, that was followed and added materially to the happiness of both of them.

Almost daily someone went to My Doctor, to talk to him of the course to pursue in reference to his own personal affairs. Mothers from all walks of life went to tell of their boys who were giving them hours of worry, perhaps for leaving home, and, mother-like, the blame was always on the bad associates.

My Doctor loved boys. He was patient with all that would work and tell the truth. He encouraged many in ambition for knowledge and position. Many times he trusted them with money without interest that some young man might have a chance to better himself. With one exception they were worthy of his confidence.

As a member of the Board of Education, and as a public-spirited citizen, he was much concerned and gave much of his time and often gave his money that the boys and girls of his town should have good educational opportunities.

Those he ministered unto, as their doctor, he was naturally more interested in their

children. At one time I know that he stopped his conveyance, and called out to a girl who was returning from school, and loitering on the sidewalk with children whose influence would be bad, "Ethel, run on home now."

A little mother said: "We love the Doctor to pass our way. He always smiles and speaks to the grown people, and waves his hand to the children as they call out their greeting to him."

My Doctor liked sincerity and unassuming things concerning himself. He loved the people he served. He was very human, and longed for the expressions of appreciation that they, who called him "My Doctor," evidently felt but were oftentimes too busy with their many other affairs to express.

After My Doctor's sudden death, which occurred at the early hour of two in the morning, many knew it before day. The telephones in all parts of the town were busy. Strong men in various walks of life came and wept at the giving up of a beloved physician and their best friend. Mothers whom My Doctor had been with each time

they had been blessed with Love's crown of motherhood came to weep with those left within the Doctor's home.

Business and professional men came to show their respect to a man whom they knew to be worthy of it. Little babes in their mothers' arms and small children holding to their mothers' skirts were brought. One little one, barely old enough to talk, kept saying, "Mamma, what's the matter with Dr. Moore?"

The spacious home, the large verandah, the yard, and the sidewalk were filled with the people, when the earnest "Man of God" was saying the last words over the lifeless form of My Doctor.

There were a great many flowers brought and sent into the home. The flowers were mostly roses. There were thousands of roses in the many floral tributes of respect and love. Most of the flowers came from those whom My Doctor had served.

"When blossom Life's sweet bud, at blush of day,
When breath of withered rose at eve-time steals away,"

and the many years between. Eve-time has its own time for coming. The minister began the services—"God does not count time as we do."

THE END.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 022 216 426 6